

Through the looking glass

Murmurations swoon through an umber cascade.

While warriors defend their organic fortress,
and offspring skrawk, demanding grubs.

Overhead, monochrome witches cackle in disdain.

While we reason through antiquated rhymes,
and gluttons sway on Cyrus-style wrecking balls.

Steely eyed spectres circle the remnants.

While hoards sweep nimbly under the cages,
and ground-beating tilters charm hidden beasts.

Aloft, opportunistic predators observe patiently.

While passerine swarms adorn the feeders like baubles,
and ground dwellers scavenge fallen remnants.